# THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR; WITH THE AMOURS OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

A COMEDY.

*Written by Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.*

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# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## MEN.

*Sir* John Falſtaff.

Fenton, *a young Gentleman of ſmall fortune, in love with Mrs.* Anne Page.

Shallow, *a Country Juſtice.*

Slender, *Couſin to* Shallow, *a fooliſh Country Squire.*

*Mr.* Page, *Mr.* Ford, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at* Windſor.

*Sir* Hugh Evans, *a* Welch *Parſon.*

*Dr.* Caius, *a* French *Doctor.*

Hoſt of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*

Bardolph, Piſtol, Nym, } *Sharpers attending on* Falſtaff.

Robin, *Page to* Falſtaff.

Simple, *Servant to* Slender.

Rugby, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

## WOMEN.

*Mrs.* Page, *Wife to Mr.* Page.

*Mrs.* Ford, *Wife to Mr.* Ford.

*Mrs.* Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr.* Page, *in love with* Fenton.

*Mrs.* Quickly, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

*Servants to* Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE, *WINDSOR.*

# THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT I.

### SCENE. I.

*Enter Juſtice* Shallow, Slender, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR *Hugh*, perſuade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it: If he were twenty Sir *John Falſtaffs*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire.

*Slen.* In the County of *Gloceſter*, Juſtice of Peace, and *Coram.*

*Shal.* Ay, Couſin *Slender*, and *Cuſtalorum.*

*Slen.* Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a Gentleman born, Maſter Parſon, who writes himſelf *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero.*

*Shal.* Ay that I do, and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

*Slen.* All his Succeſſors, gone before him, have don't; and all his Anceſtors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coat.

*Shal.* It is an old Coat.

*Eva.* The dozen white Lowſes do become an old Coat well, it agrees well paſſant; it is a familiar beaſt to Man, and ſignifies Love.

*Shal.* The Luce is the freſh fiſh, the ſalt fiſh is an old Coat.

*Slen.* I may quarter, Coz.

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Eva.* It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Eva.* Yes per-lady; if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three skirts for your ſelf, in my ſimple conjectures; but that is all one: If Sir *John Falſtaff* have committed diſparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compremiſes between you.

*Shal.* The Council ſhall hear it; it is a Riot.

*Eva.* It is not meet the Council hear of a Riot; there is no fear of Got in a Riot: The Council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a Riot; take you viza-ments in that.

*Shal.* Ha! o'my life, if I were young again, the Sword ſhould end it.

*Eva.* It is petter that Friends is the Sword and end it; and there is alſo another device in my prain, which peradventure prings good diſcretions with it: There is *Anne Page*, which is Daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

*Slen.*

*Slen.* Miſtreſs *Anne Page*! ſhe has brown hair, and ſpeaks like a Woman.

*Eva.* It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-ſire upon his deaths bed (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: It were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a Marriage between Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtreſs *Anne Page*.

*Slen.* Did her Grand-ſire leave her ſeven hundred Pound?

*Eva.* Ay, and her Father is make her a petter penny.

*Slen.* I know the young Gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

*Eva.* Seven hundred Pounds, and poſſibility is goot gifts.

*Shal.* Well; let us ſee honeſt *Mr. Page*: Is *Falſtaff* there?

*Eva.* Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a Liar as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The knight, Sir *John*, is there; and I beſeech you be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door (*Knocks*) for Maſter *Page*. What hoa? Got bleſs your Houſe here.

*Enter Mr.* Page.

*Page.* Who's there?

*Eva.* Here is Got's pleſſing, and your Friend, and Juſtice *Shallow*; and here's young Maſter *Slender*; that peradventures ſhall tell you another tale; if matters grow to your likings.

*Page.* I am glad to ſee your Worſhips well: I thank you for my Veniſon, Maſter *Shallow*.

*Shal.* Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you; much good do it your good heart: I wiſh'd your Veniſon better; it

was ill kill'd. How doth good Miſtreſs *Page*? And I thank you always with my heart la; with my heart.

*Page.* Sir, I thank you.

*Shal.* Sir, I thank you; by yea and no I do.

*Page.* I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter *Slender*.

*Slen.* How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on *Cotſale*.

*Page.* It could not be judg'd, Sir.

*Slen.* You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

*Shal.* That he will not; 't is your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good Dog.

*Page.* A Cur, Sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good Dog, and a fair Dog; can there be more ſaid? He is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falſtaff* here?

*Page.* Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

*Eva.* It is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

*Shal.* He hath wrong'd me, Maſter *Page*.

*Page.* Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

*Shal.* If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, Mr. *Page*? He hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath; at a word he hath, believe me; *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire, ſaith, he is wrong'd.

*Page.* Here comes Sir *John*.

*Enter Sir* John Falſtaff, Bardolph, Nym *and* Piſtol.

*Fal.* Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King!

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my Men, kill'd my Deer, and broke open my Lodge.

*Fal.* But not kiſs'd your Keeper's Daughter.

*Shal.* Tut, a pin; this ſhall be anſwer'd.

*Fal.* I will anſwer it ſtraight: I have done all this. That is now anſwer'd.

*Shal.* The Council ſhall know this.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known in Council; You'll be laugh'd at.

*Eva. Pauca verba*, Sir *John*, good worts.

*Fal.* Good worts? Good Cabage. *Slender*, I broke your head: What matter have you againſt me?

*Slen.* Marry Sir, I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your Cony catching Raſcals, *Bardolph*, *Nym* and *Piſtol*.

*Bar.* You *Banbury* Cheeſe.

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Piſt.* How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I ſay, *pauca*, *pauca*: Slice, that's my humour.

*Slen.* Where's *Simple*, my Man? Can you tell Couſin?

*Eva.* Peace, I pray you: Now let us underſtand; there is three Umpires in this matter, as I underſtand; that is, Maſter *Page*, *fidelicet*, Maſter *Page*; and there is my ſelf, *fidelicet*, my ſelf; and the three party is, laſtly, and finally, mine Hoſt of the Garter.

*Page.* We three to hear it, and end it between them.

*Eva.* Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my Notebook, and we will afterwards orke upon the Cauſe with as great diſcreetly as we can.

*Fal. Piſtol.*

*Piſt.* He hears with ears.

*Eva.* The Tevil and his Tam; what phraſe is this, he hears with ear? Why, it is affectations.

*Fal. Piſtol*, did you pick *Mr. Slender*'s purſe?

*Slen.* Ay, by theſe gloves did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great Chamber again elſe, of ſeven Groats in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shovelboards, that coſt me two Shilling & two pence a piece, of *Yead Miller*; by theſe Gloves.

*Fal.* Is this true, *Piſtol*?

*Eva.* No; it is falſe, if it is a Pick-purſe.

*Piſt.* Ha, thou Mountain Foreigner: Sir *John*, and Maſter mine, I combate challenge of this *Latin* Bilboe: Word of denial in thy *Labras* here; word of denial; Froth and Scum, thou ly'ſt.

*Slen.* By theſe Gloves, then 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be advis'd, Sir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you run the nuthooks humour on me; that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat then he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an Aſs.

*Fal.* What ſay you, *Scarlet* and *John*?

*Bard.* Why, Sir, for my part, I ſay, the Gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

*Eva.* It is his five Senſes: Fie, what the ignorance is!

*Bard.* And being ſap, Sir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſt the car-eires.

*Slen.* Ay, you ſpake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll ne'er be drunk whil'ſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company for this trick: If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken Knaves.

*Eva.* So God udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

*Fal.* You hear all theſe matters deny'd, Gentlemen, you hear it.

*Enter Miſtreſs* Anne Page, *with Wine*

*Page.* Nay, Daughter, carry the Wine in; we'll drink within.

*Slen.* Oh Heav'n! this is Miſtreſs *Anne Page*.

*Enter Miſtreſs* Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

*Page.* How now Miſtreſs *Ford*?

*Fal.*

*Fal.* Miſtreſs *Ford*, by my troth you are very well met; by your leave, good Miſtreſs.

*Page.* Wife, bid theſe Gentlemen welcome: Come, we have a hot Veniſon Paſty to dinner; Come, Gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

*Ex.* Fal. Page, *&c.*

*Manent* Shallow, Evans *and* Slender.

*Slen.* I had rather than forty Shillings, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

*Enter* Simple.

How, now *Simple*, where have you been? I muſt wait on my ſelf, muſt I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

*Simp.* Book of Riddles! Why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon *Allhollowmas* laſt, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*?

*Shal.* Come Coz, come Coz; we ſtay for you: A word with you Coz: Marry this, Coz, there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here: Do you underſtand me?

*Slen.* Ay, Sir you ſhall find me reaſonable: If it be ſo, I ſhall do that is reaſon.

*Shal.* Nay, but underſtand me.

*Slen.* So I do, Sir.

*Eva.* Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will do as my Couſin *Shallow* ſays: I pray you pardon me; he's a Juſtice of Peace in his Country, ſimple tho' I ſtand here.

*Eva.* But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your Marriage.

*Shal.* Ay, there's the point, Sir.

*Eva.* Marry is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page.*

*Slen.* Why if it be ſo, I will marry her upon any reaſonable demands.

*Eva.* But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: For divers Philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: Therefore preciſely, can you marry your good will to the Maid?

*Shal.* Couſin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

*Slen.* I hope, Sir; I will do as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

*Eva.* Nay, Got's Lords and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carre-her your deſires towards her.

*Shal.* That you muſt:
Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

*Slen.* I will do a greater thing than that upon your Requeſt, Couſin, in any reaſon.

*Shal.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet Coz, what I do is to pleaſure you, Coz: Can you love the Maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her, Sir, at your Requeſt: But if there be no great Love in the beginning, yet Heav'n may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occaſion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content: But if you ſay, marry her, I will marry her, I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

*Eva.* It is a ferry diſcretion anſwer; ſave the fall is in th'ord diſſolutely: The ort is, according to our meaning, reſolutely; his meaning is good.

*Shal.* Ay, I think my Couſin meant well.

*Slen.* Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang', la.

*Enter Miſtreſs* Anne Page.

*Shal.* Here comes fair Miſtreſs *Anne:* Would I were young for your ſake, Miſtreſs *Anne.*

*Anne,*

*Anne.* The Dinner is on the table; my Father desires your Worship's company.

*Shal.* I will wait on him, fair Mistress *Anne.*

*Eva.* Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the Grace. (*Ex.* Shallow *and* Evans.

*Anne.* Will't please your Worship to come in, Sir?

*Slen.* No, I thank you forsooth heartily; I am very well.

*Anne.* The Dinner attends you, Sir.

*Slen.* I am not a hungry, I thank you forsooth: Go Sirrah, for all you are my Man, go wait upon my Cousin *Shallow*; a Justice of Peace sometime may be beholding to his Friend for a Man. I keep but three Men and a Boy yet, 'till my Mother be dead; but what though, yet I live a poor Gentleman born.

*Anne.* I may not go in without your Worship; they will not sit 'till you come.

*Slen.* I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

*Anne.* I pray you, Sir, walk in.

*Slen.* I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence, three Veneys for a dish of stew'd Prunes, and by my troth I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your Dogs bark so? be there Bears i'th' Town?

*Anne.* I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

*Slen.* I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any Man in *England.* You are afraid if you see the Bear loose, are you not?

*Anne.* Ay indeed, Sir.

*Slen.* That's meat and drink to me now; I have seen *Sackerson* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the Women have so cry'd and shriekt at it, that it past: But Women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

*En-*

*Enter Mr.* Page.

*Page.* Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

*Slen.* I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

*Page.* By Cock and Pye you ſhall not chuſe, Sir; come, come.

*Slen.* Nay, pray you lead the way.

*Page.* Come on, Sir.

*Slen.* Miſtreſs *Anne*, your ſelf ſhall go firſt.

*Anne.* Not I, Sir, pray you keep on.

*Slen.* Truly I will not go firſt, truly la: I will not do you that wrong.

*Anne.* I pray you, Sir.

*Slen.* I'll rather be unmannerly than troubleſome; you do your ſelf wrong, indeed-la. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Evans *and* Simple.

EVANS.

GO your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius* Houſe which is the way; and there dwells one Miſtreſs *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurſe, or his dry Nurſe, or his Cook, or his Laundry, his Waſher, and his Ringer.

*Simp.* Well, Sir.

*Eva.* Nay, it is petter yet; give her this Letter; for it is a 'omon that altogethers acquaintance with Miſtreſs *Anne Page*, and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſollicit your Maſter's deſires to Miſtreſs *Anne Page*: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my Dinner; there's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. (*Exeunt.*

SCE-

## SCENE III.

*Enter* Falſtaff, Hoſt, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtol *and* Robin.

FALSTAFF.

MIne Hoſt of the Garter.

*Hoſt.* What ſays my Bully *Rock?* ſpeak ſchollarly, and wiſely.

*Fal.* Truly, mine Hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my Followers.

*Hoſt.* Diſcard, Bully *Hercules*, caſhier; let them wag; trot, trot.

*Fal.* I ſit at ten Pounds a week.

*Hoſt.* Thou'rt an Emperor, *Caſar*, *Kaiſar*, and *Phaezer*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he will draw, he will tap, ſaid I well, Bully *Hector*?

*Fal.* Do ſo, good mine Hoſt.

*Hoſt.* I have ſpoke, let him follow; let me ſee thee froth and live: I am at a word; follow.

(*Exit* Hoſt.

*Fal. Bardolph* follow him; a Tapſter is a good Trade; an old Cloak makes a new Jerkin; a wither'd Serving man, a freſh Tapſter; go, adieu.

*Bard.* It is a life that I have deſir'd; I will thrive.

(*Exit.* Bard.

*Piſt.* O baſe *Hungarian* Wight, wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

*Nym.* He was gotten in drink; is not the humour conceited?

*Fal.* I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox; his thefts were too open, his filching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humour is to ſteal at a minute's reſt.

*Piſt.*

*Piſt.* Convey, the Wiſe it call: Steal! Foh; a fico for the phraſe.

*Fal.* Well, Sirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

*Piſt.* Why then let kibes enſue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift.

*Piſt.* Young Ravens muſt have food.

*Fal.* Which of you know *Ford* of this Town?

*Piſt.* I ken the Wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

*Fal.* My honeſt Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Piſt.* Two yards and more.

*Fal.* No quips now, *Piſtol*: Indeed I am in the waſte two yards about; but I am now about no waſte, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford*'s Wife: I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation; I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be engliſh'd right, is, *I am* Sir John Falſtaff's.

*Piſt.* He hath ſtudy'd her well, and tranſlated her will, out of honeſty into Engliſh.

*Nym.* The Anchor is deep; will that humour paſs?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her Husband's Purſe: He hath a Legend of Angels.

*Piſt.* As many Devils entertain; and to her, Boy, ſay I.

*Nym.* The humour riſes; it is good; humour me the Angels.

*Eal.* I have writ me here a Letter to her; and here another to *Page*'s Wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious illiads; ſometimes the beam of her view guarded my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.

*Piſt.* Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

*Nym.* I thank thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the apetite of her eye did ſeem

to

to ſcorch me up like a Burning glaſs: Here's another Letter to her; ſhe bears the Purſe too; ſhe is a Region in *Guiana*, all Gold and bounty. I will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be *Exchequers* to me; they ſhall be my *Eaſt* and *Weſt Indies*, and I will trade to to them both. Go, bear thou this Letter to Miſtreſs *Page*; and thou this to Miſtreſs *Ford*. We will thrive, Lads, we will thrive.

*Piſt.* Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become?
And by my ſide wear ſteel? Then *Lucifer* take all.

*Nym.* I will run no baſe humour: Here take the humour Letter, I will keep the haviour of Reputation.

*Fal.* Hold, Sirrah, bear you theſe Letters rightly;
Sail like my Pinnace to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt, vaniſh like hail-ſtones; go,
Trudge, plod away o'th'hoof, ſeek ſhelter, pack:
*Falſtaff* will learn the humour of the Age,
*French* thrift, you Rogues, my ſelf, and skirted *Page*.
(*Exit.* Falſtaff *and* Boy.

*Piſt.* Let Vultures gripe thy guts; for Gourd, and *Fullam* holds;
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Teſter I'll have in pouch when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe *Phrygian Turk*.

*Nym.* I have operations,
Which be humours of revenge.

*Piſt.* Wilt thou revenge?

*Nym.* By Welkin and her Star.

*Piſt.* With Wit, or Steel?

*Nym.* With both the humours, I:
I will diſcuſs the humour of this Love to *Ford*.

*Piſt.* And I to *Page* ſhall eke unfold
How *Falſtaff*, Varlet vile,
His Dove will prove, his Gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

*Nym.* My humour ſhall not cool; I will incenſe *Ford* to deal with poiſon; I will poſſeſs him with yellowneſs,

neſs, for the Revolt of mine is dangerous: That is my true humour.

*Piſt.* Thou art the *Mars* of *Male-contents*: I ſecond thee; troop on. (*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Miſtreſs* Quickly, Simple *and* John Rugby.

QUICKLY.

WHat, *John Rugby*! I pray thee go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, I'faith, and find any body in the houſe, here will be an old abuſing of God's patience, and the King's *Engliſh*.

*Rug.* I'll go watch. (*Exit* Rugby.

*Quic.* Go, and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in Faith, at the latter end of a Sea-coal fire. An honeſt, willing, kind Fellow, as ever Servant ſhall come in houſe withal, and I warrant you no Tell-tale, nor no Breed-bate; his worſt fault is that he is given to Pray'r, he is ſomething peeviſh that way; but no body but has his fault; but let that paſs. *Peter Simple* you ſay your name is?

*Simp.* Ay, for fault of a better.

*Quic.* And Maſter *Slender*'s your Maſter?

*Simp.* Ay, forſooth.

*Quic.* Does he not wear a great round beard, like a Glover's pairing-knife?

*Simp.* No, forſooth; he hath but a little weeface, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colour'd beard.

*Quic.* A ſoftly-ſpirited Man, is he not?

*Simp.* Ay, forſooth; but he is as tall a Man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a Warrener.

Quic.

*Quic.* How ſay you? Oh, I ſhould remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? And ſtrut in his gate?

*Simp.* Yes indeed does he.

*Quic.* Well, Heav'n ſend *Anne Page* no worſe Fortune. Tell Maſter Parſon *Evans*, I will do what I can for your Maſter: *Anne* is a good Girl, and I wiſh...

*Enter* Rugby.

*Rug.* Out, alas! Here comes my Ma ſter.

*Quic.* We ſhall all be ſhent; run in here, good young Man; go into this Cloſet; (*ſhuts* Simple *in the Cloſet.*) He will not ſtay long. What, *John Rugby! John!* What *John!* I ſay, go *John*, go enquire for my Maſter, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home; *and down, down, adown'a.*

*Enter Doctor* Caius.

*Caius.* Vat is you ſing? I do not like des toys; pray you go and vetch me in my Cloſet, *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-abox; do intend vat I ſpeak? A green abox.

*Quic.* Ay forſooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himſelf; if he had found the young Man, he would have been horn mad.

*Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi il fait fort chaud, je m'en va à la Cour... la grande affaire.*

*Quic.* Is it this Sir?

*Caius. Oui, mette le dans mon* Pocket, *Depêche* quickly:.. Vere is dat Knave *Rugby*?

*Quic.* What, *John. Rugby! John!*

*Rug.* Here Sir.

*Caius.* You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take a your Rapier, and come after my heel to the Court.

*Rug.* 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

*Caius.* By my trot I tarry too long: Od's me! *Qu'ai je oublié:* Dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſet, dat I will not for the Varld I ſhall leave behind.

*Quic.* Ay me, he'll find the young Man there, and be mad.

*Caius.* O *Diable*, *Diable*; vat is in my Cloſet? Villanie, *Larron.* *Rugby*, my Rapier.

*Quic.* Good Maſter be content.

*Caius.* Wherefore ſhould I be content a?

*Quic.* The young Man is an honeſt Man.

*Caius.* What ſhall de honeſt Man do in my Cloſet? dere is no honeſt Man dat ſhall come in my Cloſet.

*Quic.* I beſeech you be not ſo flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from Parſon *Hugh.*

*Caius.* Vell.

*Simp.* Ay Forſooth, to deſire her to...

*Quic.* Peace, I pray you.

*Caius.* Peace a your tongue, ſpeak a your tale.

*Simp.* To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman, your Maid, to ſpeak a good word to Miſtreſs *Anne Page* for my Maſter in the way of Marriage.

*Quic.* This is all indeed la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

*Caius.* Sir *Hugh* ſend-a-you? *Rugby*, ballow me ſome paper; tarry you a little-a while.

*Quic.* I am glad he is ſo quiet; if he had been throughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholy: But notwithſtanding, Man, I'll do for your Maſter what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is, the *French* Doctor my Maſter, I may call him my Maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe, and I waſh, ringe, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my ſelf.

*Simp.* 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

*Quic.*

*Quic.* Are you a vis'd o'that? You ſhall find it a great charge; and to be up early, and down late. But notwithſtanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my Maſter himſelf is in love with Miſtreſs *Anne Page:* but notwithſtanding that, I know *Anne*'s mind, that's neither here nor there.

*Caius.* You; Jack'nape; give'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*: by gar it is a Shallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcurvy Jack anape Prieſt to meddle or make. . . You may be gone, it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his Dog. (*Exit* Simple.

*Quic.* Alas, he ſpeaks but for his Friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter'a ver dat; do not you tell-a me dat I ſhall have *Anne Page* for my ſelf? By gar; I vill kill de Jack Prieſt; and I have appointed mine Hoſt of *de Jartiere* to meaſure our weapon: By gar I will my ſelf have *Anne Page.*

*Quic.* Sir, the Maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: We muſt give Folks leave to prate; what the good-jer.

*Caius.* *Rugby*, come to the Court with me; by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turn your head out of my door; follow my heel, *Rugby.*

(*Ex.* Caius *and* Rugby.

*Quic.* You ſhall have *Anne*, Fools-head of your own. No; I know *Anne*'s mind for that; that never a Woman in *Windſor* knows more of *Anne's* mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heav'n.

*Fent.* (*within*) Who's within there, hoa?

*Quic.* Who's there, I trow? Come near the Houſe; I pray you.

*Enter Mr.* Fenton.

*Fent.* How now, good Woman, how doſt thou?

*Quic.* The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to ask.

*Fent.* What News? How does pretty Miſtreſs *Anne*?

*Quic.* In truth Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your Friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe Heav'n for it.

*Fent.* Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

*Quic.* Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithſtanding, Maſter *Fenton*, I'll be ſworn on a book ſhe loves you: Have not your Worſhip a wart above your eye?

*Fent.* Yes, marry have I; what of that?

*Quic.* Well, thereby hangs a Tale; good Faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; but, I deteſt, an honeſt Maid as ever broke bread; we had an hours talk of that wart: I ſhall never laugh but in that Maid's company; but, indeed, ſhe is given too much to allicholly and muſing, but for you... Well...go to...

*Fent.* Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day; hold, there's mony for thee: Let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me...

*Quic.* Will I? Ay faith that we will: And I will tell your Worſhip more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other Wooers.

*Fent.* Well, farewel, I am in great haſte now. (*Exit.*

*Quic.* Farewel to your Worſhip. Truly an honeſt Gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; for I know *Anne*'s mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? (*Exit.*

# ACT. II.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Miſtreſs* Page *with a Letter.*

MRS. PAGE.

WHat, have I 'ſcap'd Love-Letters in the Holy-day time of my Beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? Let me ſee: (*Reads.*

*Ask me no reaſon why I love you; for tho' Love uſe Reaſon for his Phiſician, he admits him not for his Counſellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's Sympathy: You are merry, ſo am I; ha! ha! then there's more Sympathy: You love Sack, and ſo do I; would you deſire better Sympathy? Let it ſuffice thee, Miſtreſs* Page, *at the leaſt, if the Love of a Soldier can ſuffice, that I love thee. I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a Soldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, Love me:*

*By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,*
*Or any kind of light, with all his might,*
*For thee to fight.*

JOHN FALSTAFF,

What a *Herod* of *Jury* is this? O wicked, wicked World! One that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhew himſelf a young Gallant? What unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemiſh* Drunkard pickt, I' th' Devil's name, out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? Why, he hath not been

thrice in my com ? any : What ſhould I ſay to him ? I was then not frugal of my mirth, Heav'n forgive me: Why, I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Men; how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? For reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Enter Mrs.* Ford.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page*, truſt me, I was going to your Houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* And truſt me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Mrs. *Page.* Faith but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, I do then; yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary. O Miſtreſs *Page*, give me ſome counſel.

Mrs. *Page.* What's the matter, Woman?

Mrs. *Ford.* O Woman! If it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch Honour.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang the trifle, Woman, take the Honour: what is it? Diſpenſe with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* If I would but go to Hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

Mrs. *Page.* What, thou lieſt! Sir *Alice Ford*! Theſe Knights will hack, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mrs. *Ford.* We burn day-light, here; read, read, perceive how I might be knighted: I ſhall think the worſe of fat Men as long as I have an eye to make difference of Men's liking: and yet he would not ſwear, praiſed Women's modeſty, and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep pace together, than the hun-

hundredth Pſalm to the Tune of *Green Sleeves*. What Tempeſt, I trow, threw this Whale, with ſo many tun of oil in his belly, a' ſhore at *Windſor*? How ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of Luſt have melted him in his own greaſe. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page*. Letter for letter, but that the Name of *Page* & *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the Twin-brother of thy Letter; but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine never ſhall. I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, writ with blank ſpace for different names; nay more; and theſe are of the ſecond Edition: He will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a Gianteſs, and lye under *Mount-Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious Turtles, e're one chaſte Man.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, this is the very ſame, the very hand, the very words: what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, I know not; it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own Honeſty. I'll entertain my ſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for ſure, unleſs he knew ſome ſtrain in me, that I know not my ſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford*. Boarding, call it you? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. *Page*. So will I; if he come under my hatches I'll never to Sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a meeting, give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his Horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I will conſent to act any villany againſt him that may not ſully the charineſs of our

Honeſty. Oh that my Husband ſaw this Letter, it would give eternal food to his Jealouſie.

Mrs. *Page*. Why, look where he comes, and my good-Man too; he's as far from jealouſie as I am from giving him cauſe, and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Mrs. *Ford*. You are the happier Woman.

Mrs. *Page*. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight. Come hither.

*Enter* Ford *with* Piſtol, Page *with* Nym.

*Ford*. Well, I hope it be not ſo.

*Piſt*. Hope is a curtal-dog in ſome affairs. Sir *John* affects thy Wife.

*Ford*. Why, Sir, my Wife is not young.

*Piſt*. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old; and one with another, *Ford*, he loves thy Gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

*Ford*. Love my Wife?

*Piſt*. With liver burning hot; Prevent, Or go thou, like Sir *Acteon*, with Ring-wood at thy heels: O, odious is the name.

*Ford*. What name, Sir?

*Piſt*. The Horn, I ſay: Farewel.
Take heed, have open eye; for Thieves do foot by night.
Take heed e'er Summer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do ſing.
Away, Sir Corporal *Nym*. (*Exit* Piſtol.
Believe it, *Page*, he ſpeaks ſenſe.

*Ford*. I will be patient; I will find out this.

*Nym*. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have born the humour'd Letter to her; but I have a Sword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your Wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My name is Corporal *Nym*; I ſpeak it, and I avouch 'tis true, my name is *Nym*, and *Falſtaff* loves your Wife.

Wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe: Adieu. (*Exit* Nym.

*Page.* The humour of it, quoth 'a? here's a Fellow frights *English* out of its wits.

*Ford.* I will ſeek out *Falſtaff.*

*Page.* I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting Rogue.

*Ford.* If I do find it: well.

*Page.* I will not believe ſuch a *Cataian*, tho'the Prieſt o'th' Town commended him for a true Man.

*Ford.* 'Twas a good ſenſible Fellow: Well.

*Page.* How now, *Meg*?

Mrs. *Page.* Whither go you, *George*? hark you.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, ſweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholly?

*Ford.* I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. *Ford.* Faith thou haſt ſome crochets in thy head. Now will you go, Miſtreſs *Page*?

Mrs. *Page.* Have with you. You'll come to dinner, *George*? Look who comes yonder; ſhe ſhall be our Meſſenger to this paultry Knight.

*Enter Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Mrs. *Ford.* Truſt me, I thought on her; ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. *Page.* You are come to ſee my Daughter *Anne*?

*Quick.* Ay, forſooth; and I pray how does good Miſtreſs *Anne*?

Mrs. *Page.* Go in with us and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you.

(*Ex. Mr.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford *and Mrs.* Quic.

*Page.* How now, Maſter *Ford*?

*Ford.* You heard what this Knave told me, did you not?

*Page.* Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang'em, Slaves, I do not think the Knight

would offer it; but these that accuse him in his intent towards our Wives are a Yoke of his discarded Men, very Rogues now they be out of Service.

*Ford.* Were they his Men?

*Page.* Marry were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the *Garter*?

*Page.* Ay marry does he. If he should intend this Voyage toward my Wife, I would turn her loose to him: and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lye on my head.

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my Wife, but I would be loath to turn them together; a Man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

*Page.* Look where my ranting Host of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

*Enter* Host *and* Shallow.

*Host.* How now, Bully *Rock*? Thou'rt a Gentleman, Cavalerio Justice, I say.

*Shal.* I follow, mine Host, I follow. Good Even, and twenty, good Master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him, Cavaliero-Justice; tell him, Bully *Rock*.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a Fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh*, the *Welsh* Priest, and *Caius*, the *French* Doctor.

*Ford.* Good mine Host o'th' Garter, a word with you.

*Host.* What say'st thou, Bully *Rock*?

*Shal.* Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, be-

believe me, I hear the Parſon is no Jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

*Hoſt.* Haſt thou no Suit againſt my Knight, my Gueſt, Cavalier?

*Ford.* None, I proteſt; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt Sack to give me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broom*; only for a jeſt.

*Hoſt.* My hand, Bully; thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs; ſaid I well? and thy name ſhall be *Broom*. It is a merry Knight. Will you go an-heirs?

*Shal.* Have with you, mine Hoſt.

*Page.* I have heard the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his Rapier.

*Shal.* Tut, Sir, I could have told you more: in theſe times you ſtand not on diſtance, your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what; 'Tis the heart, Maſter *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time, with my long Sword, I would have made you four tall Fellows skip like Rats.

*Hoſt.* Here Boys, here: Shall we wag?

*Page.* Have with you; I had rather hear them ſcold than fight. (*Exeunt* Hoſt, Shallow *and* Page.

*Ford.* Tho' *Page* be a ſecure Fool, and ſtand ſo firmly on his Wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily. She was in his company at *Page*'s houſe, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a diſguiſe to ſound *Falſtaff*: If I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtow'd. (*Exit.*

SCE-

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Falſtaff *and* Piſtol.

FALSTAFF.

I will not lend thee a penny.

*Piſt.* Why then the World's mine Oyſter, which I with Sword will open.

*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good Friends for three Reprieves for you, and your Coach-fellow, *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of Baboons. I am damn'd in Hell for ſwearing to Gentlemen, my Friends, you were good Soldiers, and tall Fellows. And when Miſtreſs *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine Honour thou hadſt it not.

*Piſt.* Didſt thou not ſhare? Hadſt thou not fifteen Pence?

*Fal.* Reaſon, you Rogue, Reaſon: Think'ſt thou I'll endanger my Soul *gratis*? At a word; hang no more about me, I am no Gibbet for you: Go, a ſhort Knife, and a throng, to your Manor of *Pickthatch*; go, you'll not bear a Letter for me, you Rogue; you ſtand upon your Honour! Why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my Honour preciſe. I, I, I my ſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine Honour in my Neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet, you Rogue will enſconſe your rags, your Cat-a-Mountain looks, your red-lattice phraſes, and your bold beating Oaths, under the ſhelter of your Honour! You will not do it, you!

*Piſt.*

*Piſt.* I do relent: what would thou more of Man?

*Enter* Robin.

*Rob.* Sir, here's a Woman would ſpeak with you.
*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Enter Miſtreſs* Quickly.

*Quic.* Give your Worſhip good morrow.
*Fal.* Good-morrow, good Wife.
*Quic.* Not ſo, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.
*Fal.* Good Maid then.
*Quic.* I'll be ſworn,
As my Mother was the firſt hour I was born.
*Fal.* I do believe the Swearer: What with me?
*Quic.* Shall I vouchſafe your Worſhip a word or two?
*Fal.* Two thouſand, fair Woman, and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.
*Quic.* There is one Miſtreſs *Ford*, Sir; I pray come a little nearer this ways: I my ſelf dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.
*Fal.* Well, on: Miſtreſs *Ford*, you ſay.
*Quic.* Your Worſhip ſays very true: I pray your Worſhip come a little nearer this ways.
*Fal.* I warrant thee no body hears; mine own People, mine own People.
*Quic.* Are they ſo? Heav'n bleſs them, and make them his Servants.
*Fal.* Well; Miſtreſs *Ford*, what of her?
*Quic.* Why, Sir, ſhe's a good Creature. Lord, Lord, your Worſhip's a Wanton; well, Heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray...
*Fal.* Miſtreſs *Ford*, come, Miſteſs *Ford*.
*Quic.* Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a canaries as 'tis wonderful: The beſt Courtier of them all, when the Court

Court lay at *Windſor*, could never have brought her to ſuch a canary. Yet there has been Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, Letter after Letter, Gift after Gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all Musk, and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in ſilk and Gold, and in ſuch alligant terms, and in ſuch Wine and Sugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any Woman's heart; and I warrant you they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had my ſelf twenty Angels given me this morning; but I defie all Angels, in any ſuch ſort as they ſay, but in the way of Honeſty; and I warrant you they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all; and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Penſioners; but I warrant you all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what ſays ſhe to me? Be brief, my good ſhe *Mercury*.

*Quic.* Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your Letter, for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times; and ſhe gives you to notifie, that her Husband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven?

*Quic.* Ay, Forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the Picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of: Maſter *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! The ſweet Woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealouſie Man, ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, good Heart.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

*Quic.* Why, you ſay well: But I have another Meſſenger to your Worſhip. Miſtreſs *Page* has her hearty Commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt Wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you Morning and Evening Prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, who-e'er be the other; and ſhe bade me tell your Wor-

Worſhip that her Husband is ſeldom from home; but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I never knew a Woman ſo doat upon a Man; ſurely I think you have Charms, la; yes in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other Charms.

*Quic.* Bleſſing on your heart for't.

*Fal.* But I pray thee tell me this; has *Ford's* Wife and *Page's* Wife acquainted each other how they love me?

*Quic.* That were a jeſt indeed! they have not ſo little Grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! But Miſtreſs *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little Page, of all love: Her Husband has a marvellous infection to the little Page; and truly Maſter *Page* is an honeſt Man. Never a Wife in *Windſor* leads a better life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to-bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and truly ſhe deſerves it, for if there be a kind Woman in *Windſor* truly ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your Page; no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Quic.* Nay, but do ſo then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any caſe, have a Nayword, that you may know one anothers mind, and the Boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that Children ſhould know any wickedneſs: Old Folks, you know have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the World.

*Fal.* Fare thee well; commend me to them both: There's my Purſe, I am yet thy Debtor. Boy, go along with this Woman. This News diſtracts me.

(*Ex.* Quic. *and* Robin.

*Piſt.* This Punk is one of *Cupid's* Carriers:
Clap on more Sails; purſue; up with your Fights;
Give fire; ſhe is my Prize, or Ocean whelm them all.

(*Exit* Piſtol.

*Fal.* Say'ſt thou ſo, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll make

make more of thy old body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much mony, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them ſay, 'tis groſly done, ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter* Bardolph.

*Bard.* Sir *John*, there's one Maſter *Broom* below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your Worſhip a morning's draught of Sack.

*Fal. Broom*, is his name?

*Bard.* Ay Sir.

*Fal.* Call him in; ſuch *Brooms* are welcome to me that o'erflow ſuch liquor. Ah! ah! Miſtreſs *Ford* and Miſtreſs *Page*, have I encompaſs'd you? Go to, *via*.

*Enter* Ford *diſguis'd*.

*Ford.* Bleſs you, Sir.

*Fal.* And you, Sir; would you ſpeak with me?

*Ford.* I make bold to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You're welcome; what's your will? Give us leave, Drawer.

*Ford.* Sir, I am a Gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is *Broom*.

*Fal.* Good Maſter *Broom*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir *John*, I ſue for yours; not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think my ſelf in better plight for a Lender than you are, the which hath ſome thing emboldened me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion; for they ſay, if Mony go before, all ways do lye open.

*Fal.* Mony is a good Soldier, Sir, and will on.

*Ford.*

*Ford.* Troth, and I have a bag of mony here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your Porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

*Fal.* Speak, good Master *Broom*, I shall be glad to be your Servant.

*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a Scholar, I will be brief with you, and you have been a Man long known to me, tho' I had never so good means as desire to make my self acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you your self know how easie it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well, Sir, proceed.

*Ford.* There is a Gentlewoman in this Town, her Husband's name is *Ford*.

*Fall.* Well, Sir.

*Ford.* I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her, follow'd her with a doating observance, ingross'd opportunities to meet her, fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: Briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed I am sure I have received none; unless Experience be a Jewel I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this.

„ *Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance Love purſues:*
„ *Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.*

*Fal.* Have you receiv'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love then?

*Ford.* Like a fair Houſe built on another Mans ground, ſo that I have loſt my Edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

*Ford.* When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that tho' ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet in other places ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpoſe: You are a Gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authentick in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many War-like, Court-like, and learned preparations.

*Fal.* O Sir!

*Ford.* Believe it, for you know it; there is mony, ſpend it, ſpend it, ſpend more, ſpend all I have, only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable Siege to the honeſty of this *Ford*'s Wife; uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any Man may, you may as ſoon as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemence of your Affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? Methinks you preſcribe to your ſelf very preposterouſly.

*Ford.* O, underſtand my drift: ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her Honour, that the folly of my Soul dares not preſent it ſelf; as ſhe is too bright

bright to be look'd againſt. Now could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the Ward of her purity, her Reputation, her Marriage-Vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too too ſtrongly embattail'd againſt me. What ſay you to't, Sir *John*?

*Fal.* Maſter *Broom*, I will firſt make bold with your Mony; next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a Gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy *Ford*'s Wife.

*Ford.* O good Sir!

*Fal.* I ſay, you ſhall.

*Ford.* Want no mony, Sir *John*, you ſhall want none.

*Fal.* Want no Miſtreſs *Ford*, Maſter *Broom*, you ſhall want none. I ſhall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment: Even as you came in to me, her Aſſiſtant, or Go-between, parted from me. I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally Knave, her Husband, will be forth: come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

*Ford.* I am bleſt in your acquaintance: Do you know *Ford*, Sir?

*Fal.* Hang him, poor cuckoldy Knave, I know him not. Yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they ſay, the jealous wittolly Knave hath maſſes of mony, for the which his Wife ſeems to me well favour'd. I will uſe her as the key of the Cuckold-Rogue's coffer; and there's my Harveſt-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanical-ſalt-butter Rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it ſhall hang like a Meteor o'er the Cuckold's horns. Maſter *Broom*, thou ſhalt know I will predominate over the Peſant, and thou ſhalt lye with

his Wife. Come to me ſoon at night; *Ford*'s a Knave, and I will aggravate his ſtile: Thou, Maſter *Broom*, ſhalt know him for Knave and Cuckold: come to me ſoon at night. (*Exit.*

*Ford.* What a damn'd *Epicurean* Raſcal is this? My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who ſays this is improvident jealouſie? My Wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made. Would any Man have thought this? See the Hell of having a falſe Woman: my bed ſhall be abus'd, my coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawn at, and I ſhall not only receive this villainous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms, Names; *Amaimon* ſounds well, *Lucifer* well, *Barbaſon* well, yet they are Devils additions, the names of Fiends; but Cuckold, Wittol-Cuckold! the Devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an Aſs, a ſecure Aſs, he will truſt his Wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, Parſon *Hugh*, the *Welch-man*, with my cheeſe, an *Iriſh-man* with my *Aqua-vitæ* bottle, or a Thief to walk my ambling Gelding, than my Wife with her ſelf: Then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealouſie. Eleven o' clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my Wife, be reveng'd on *Falſtaff*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it; better three hours too ſoon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. (*Exit.*

SCE-

## SCENE III.

*Enter* Caius *and* Rugby.

CAIUS.

*Jack Rugby!*

*Rug.* Sir.

*Caius.* Vat is de clock, *Jack*?

*Rug.* 'Tis paſt the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

*Caius.* By gar, he has ſave his Soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Bible well, dat he is no come: By gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rug.* He is wiſe, Sir; he knew your Worſhip would kill him, if he came.

*Caius.* By gar, de herring is no dead ſo as I vill kill him; take your rapier, *Jack*, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

*Rug.* Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

*Caius.* Villany, take your Rapier.

*Rug.* Forbear; here's company.

*Enter* Hoſt, Shallow, Slender *and* Page.

*Hoſt.* 'Bleſs thee, Bully-Doctor.

*Shal.* 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

*Page.* Now, good Mr. Doctor.

*Slend.* Give you good-morrow, Sir.

*Caius.* Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

*Hoſt.* To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee traverſe; to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſs thy puncto, thy ſtock, thy reverſe,

thy diſtance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Franciſco*? Ha, Bully? What ſays my *Eſculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of Elder? Ha? is he dead, Bully-ſtale? is he dead?

*Caius.* By gar, he is de Coward *Jack* Prieſt of de Vorld; he is not ſhow his face.

*Hoſt.* Thou art a *Caſtalion king Urinal*: *Hector* of *Greece*, my Boy.

*Caius.* I pray you bear witneſs, dat me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two tree hours for him, and he is no come.

*Shal.* He is the wiſer Man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of Souls, and you a curer of Bodys: If you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions: Is it not true, Maſter *Page*?

*Page.* Maſter *Shallow*, you have your ſelf been a great fighter, tho' now a Man of peace.

*Shal.* Bodykins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are Juſtices, and Doctors, and Church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the Sons of Women, Mr. *Page*.

*Page.* 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

*Shal.* It will be found ſo, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am ſworn of the peace; you have ſhew'd your ſelf a wiſe Phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhown him ſelf a wiſe and patient Church-man: You muſt go with me, Mr. Doctor.

*Hoſt.* Pardon, Gueſt-Juſtice; a Monſieur Mock-water.

*Caius.* Mock-water? Vat is dat?

*Hoſt.* Mock-water, in our *Engliſh* tongue, is Valour, Bully.

*Caius.* By gar, then I have as much mock-water as de *Engliſh-man*-Scurvy-Jack-dog-Prieſt; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

*Hoſt.* He will clapper-claw thee tightly, Bully.

*Caius.*

*Caius.* Clapper-de-claw? Vat is dat?

*Hoſt.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Caius.* By gar, me do lock he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

*Hoſt.* And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

*Caius.* Me tanck you for dat.

*Hoſt.* And moreover, Bully; but firſt, Mr. *Gueſt*, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavalerio Slender*, go you through the Town to *Frogmore*.

*Page.* Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

*Hoſt.* He is there; ſee what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: Will it do well?

*Shal.* We will do it.

*All.* Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

(*Ex.* Page, Shal. *and* Slen.

*Caius.* By gar, me vill kill de Prieſt; for he ſpeak for a Jack-an Ape to *Anne Page*.

*Hoſt.* Let him die; ſheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where Miſtreſs *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-houſe a feaſting, and thou ſhalt woo her, Cride-game ſaid I well?

*Caius.* By gar, me dank you vor dat: By gar I love you; and I ſhall procure'a you de good Gueſt, de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my Patients.

*Hoſt.* For the which I will be thy Adverſary toward *Anne Page*: Said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

*Hoſt.* Let us wag then.

*Caius.* Come at my heel, *Jack Rugby*. (*Exeunt.*

# ACT. III.

## SCENE. I.

*Enter* Evans *and* Simple.

EVANS.

I pray you now, good Maſter *Slender*'s Serving-man, and Friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick*?

*Simp.* Marry Sir, the *Pitty-ward*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windſor* way, and every way but the Town way.

*Eva.* I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

*Simp.* I will, Sir.

*Eva.* Pleſs my Soul, how full of chollars I am, and trempling of mind! I ſhall be glad if he have deceiv'd me; how melanchollies I am! I will knog his urinals about his Knaves coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the orke. 'Pleſs my Soul: *To ſhallow Rivers, to whoſe falls, Melodious Pirds ſings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roſes, And a thouſand fragrant Poſies. To ſhallow*: Mercy on me, I have a great diſpoſition to cry. *Melodious Birds ſing Madrigals... When as I ſat in Pabilon; and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To ſhallow*, &c.

*Simp.* Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

*Eva.* He's welcome. *To ſhallow Rivers, to whoſe Falls*... Heaven proſper the right: What weapons has he?

*Simp.*

*Simp.* No weapons, Sir; there comes my Maſter, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman, from *Frogmore*, over the ſtile, this way.

*Eva.* Pray you give me my Gown; or elſe keep it in your arms.

*Enter* Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

*Shal.* How now, Maſter Parſon? Good morrow, good Sir *Hugh*. Keep a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Student from his book, and it is wonderful.

*Slen.* Ah ſweet *Anne Page*.

*Page.* Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

*Eva.* 'Pleſs you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

*Shal.* What? The Sword and the Word? Do you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

*Page.* And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumatick day?

*Eva.* There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parſon.

*Eva.* Ferry well: what is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a moſt reverend Gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

*Shal.* I have liv'd fourſcore years and upward; I never heard a Man of his place, gravity and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

*Eva.* What is he?

*Page.* I think you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* Phyſician.

*Eva.* Got's will, and his paſſion of my heart. I had as lief you ſhould tell me of a meſs of porridge.

*Page.* Why?

*Eva.* He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a Knave beſides, a cowardly Knave as you would deſire to be acquainted withal.

*Page.* I warrant you, he's the Man ſhould fight with him.

*Slen.* O ſweet *Anne Page.*

*Enter* Hoſt, Caius *and* Rugby.

*Shal.* It appears ſo by his weapons: Keep them aſunder; here comes Doctor *Caius.*

*Pag.* Nay, good Mr. Parſon, keep in your weapon.

*Shal.* So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

*Hoſt.* Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *Engliſh.*

*Caius.* I pray you let a me ſpeak a word with your ear: Wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

*Eva.* Pray you uſe your patience in good time.

*Caius.* By gar, you are de Coward, de *Jack* Dog; *John* Ape.

*Eva.* Pray you let us not be laughing-ſtocks to other Mens humours; I deſire you in friendſhip, and will one way or other make you amends: I will knog you your urinal about your Knave's cogs-comb.

*Caius. Diable!* *Jack Rugby*, mine Hoſt *de Jarteer*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

*Eva.* As I am a Chriſtian's-ſoul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Hoſt of the Garter.

*Hoſt* Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*, Soul-curer and Body-curer.

*Caius.* Ay dat is very good, excellant.

*Hoſt.* Peace, I ſay; hear mine Hoſt of the Garter. Am I politick? am I ſubtle? am I a *Machivel*? Shall I loſe my Doctor? No; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I loſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir, *Hugh*? No; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, celeſtial, ſo. Boys of Art, I have deceived you both: I have directed you to wrong

wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd Sack be the iſſue. Come, lay their Swords to pawn. Follow me, Lad of Peace, follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Truſt me, a mad Hoſt. Follow, Gentlemen, follow.

*Slen.* O ſweet *Anne Page.*

(*Ex.* Shal. Slen. Page *and* Hoſt.

*Caius.* Ha' do I perceive dat? Have you make adeſot of us, ha, ha?

*Eva.* This is well, he has made us his vlowting-ſtog: I deſire you that we may be Friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this ſame raſcall ſcurvy-cogging Companion, the Hoſt of the Garter.

*Caius.* By gar, with all my heart; he promiſe to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

*Eva.* Well, I will ſmite his noddles; pray you follow.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Miſtreſs* Page *and* Robin.

MRS. PAGE.

NAy, keep your way, little Gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your Maſters heels?

*Rob.* I had rather, forſooth, go before you like a Man, than follow him like a Dwarf.

Mrs. *Page.* O you are a flattering Boy; now I ſee you'll be a Courtier.

*Enter*

*Enter* Ford.

*Ford.* Well met, Miſtreſs *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. *Page.* Truly Sir, to ſee your Wife; is ſhe at home?

*Ford.* Ay, and as idle as ſhe may hang together for want of company; I think if your Husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. *Page.* Be ſure of that, two other Husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty Weather-cock?

Mrs. *Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is; my Husband had him of.... What do you call your Knight's name, Sirrah?

*Rob.* Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Mrs. *Page.* He, he; I can never hit on his name; there is ſuch a league between my good-Man and he. Is your Wife at home, indeed?

*Ford.* Indeed ſhe is.

Mrs. *Page.* By your leave, Sir; I am ſick'till I ſee her. (*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Robin.

*Ford.* Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? ſure they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them. Why, this Boy will carry a Letter twenty mile, as eaſie as a Cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve-ſcore: he pieces out his Wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now ſhe's going to my Wife, and *Falſtaff*'s Boy with her. A Man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind: and *Falſtaff*'s Boy with her! Good plots; they are laid, and our revolted Wives ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my Wife, pluck the borrowed vail of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming Miſtreſs *Page*; divulge *Page* himſelf for a ſecure and wilful *Acteon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my Neighbours ſhall cry aim. The Clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find *Falſtaff*: I ſhall be rather praiſed for this than mocked; for it is

is as positive as the Earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there: I will go.

*Enter* Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans *and* Caius.

*Shal. Page, &c.* Well met, Mr. *Ford.*

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse my self, Mr. *Ford.*

*Slen.* And so must I, Sir;
We have appointed to dine with Mistress *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more mony than I'll speak of.

*Shal.* We have linger'd about a Match between *Anne Page* and my Cousin *Slender*, and this day we shall have our answer.

*Slen.* I hope I have your good will, Father *Page*?

*Page.* You have, Mr. *Slender*, I stand wholly for you; but my Wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, be gar, and de Maid is love-a-me: My Nursh a Quickly tell me so mush.

*Host.* What say you to young Mr. *Fenton*? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks Holy-day, he smells *April* and *May*, he will carry't, he will cary't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise you: The Gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the wild Prince, and *Poinz*; he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer you shall have sport; I will shew you a Monster. Mr. Doctor you shall

ſhall go, ſo ſhall you Mr. *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

*Shal.* Well, fare you well:
We ſhall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

*Caius.* Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

*Hoſt.* Farewel, my Hearts; I will to my honeſt Knight, *Falſtaff*, and drink Canary with him.

*Ford.* I think I ſhall drink in Pipe-Wine firſt with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

*All.* Have with you to ſee this Monſter. (*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Miſtreſs* Ford, *Miſtreſs* Page, *and Servants with a Basket.*

MRS. FORD.

WHat *John*? what *Robert*?

Mrs. *Page*. Quickly, quickly? Is the Buckbasket...

Mrs. *Ford*. I warrant. What *Robin*, I ſay.

Mrs. *Page*. Come, come, come.

Mrs. *Ford*. Here, ſet it down.

Mrs. *Page*. Give your Men the charge, we muſt be brief.

Mrs. *Ford*. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard by in the Brew-houſe, and when I ſuddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pauſe or ſtaggering, take this basket on your ſhoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the Whitſters in *Datchet*-Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, cloſe by the *Thames* ſide.

Mrs. *Page*. You will do it?

Mrs. *Ford*. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. *Page*. Here comes little *Robin*.

*En-*

*Enter* Robin.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, my Eyas-Musket, what News with you?

*Rob.* My Maſter, Sir *John*, is come in at your back door, Miſtreſs *Ford*, and requeſts your company.

Mrs. *Page.* You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

*Rob.* Ay, I'll be ſworn; my Maſter knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſwears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. *Page.* Thou'rt a good Boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do ſo; go tell thy Maſter I am alone; Miſtreſs *Page*, remember you your cue.

(*Ex.* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. (*Exit Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go to then; we'll uſe this unwholeſom humidity, this groſs watry pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jays.

*Enter* Falſtaff.

*Fal.* Have I caught thee, my heav'nly Jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition; O this bleſſed hour!

Mrs. *Ford.* O ſweet Sir *John.*

*Fal.* Miſtreſs *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Miſtreſs *Ford*: Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh. I would thy Husband were dead, I'll ſpeak it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mrs. *Ford.* I your Lady, Sir *John!* Alas, I ſhould be a pitiful Lady.

*Fal.* Let the Court of *France* ſhew me ſuch another; I

ſee

ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-Tire, the Tire-valiant, or any Tire of *Venetian* admittance.

Mrs. *Ford.* A plain kerchiffe, Sir *John:* my brows become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

*Fal.* Thou art a Tyrant to ſay ſo; thou wouldſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemi-circled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert, if Fortune thy Foe were not, Nature thy Friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me love thee? Let that perſuade thee, there's ſomething extraoadinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping Haw-thorn Buds, that come like Women in Mens apparel, and ſmell like *Bucklers Berry* in ſimpling time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love Miſtreſs *Page.*

*Fal.* Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the *Counter* Gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a Lime-kiln.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, Heav'n knows how I love you; and you ſhall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

*Rob.* (*Within.*) Miſtreſs *Ford*, Miſtreſs *Ford*, here's Miſtreſs *Page* at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildy, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

*Fal.* She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the Arras.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford*. Pray you do ſo; ſhe's a very tatling Woman.

*Enter Miſtreſs* Page.

What's the matter? How now?

Mrs. *Page*. O Miſtreſs *Ford*, What have you done? You're ſham'd, y'are overthrown, y'are undone for ever.

Mrs. *Ford*. What's the matter, good Miſtreſs *Page*?

Mrs. *Page*. O well-a-day, Miſtreſs *Ford*, having an honeſt Man to your Husband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

Mrs. *Ford* What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs. *Page*. What cauſe of ſuſpicion! Out upon you; how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. *Page*. Your Husband's coming hither, Woman, with all the Officers in *Windſor*, to ſearch for a Gentleman that he ſays is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence. You are undone.

Mrs. *Ford*. 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. *Page*. Pray Heav'n it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a Man here; but 'tis moſt certain your Husband's coming with half *Windſor* at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you; if you know your ſelf clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a Friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your Reputation, or bid farewel to your good life for ever.

Mrs. *Ford*. What ſhall I do? there is a Gentleman, my dear Friend; and I fear not my own ſhame ſo much as his peril. I had rather than a thouſand Pound he were out of the houſe.

Mrs. *Page*. For ſhame, never ſtand, you had rather, and you had rather; your Husband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome conveyance; in the Houſe you

cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me Look, here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable ſtature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two Men to *Datchet*-Mead.

Mrs. *Ford*. He's too big to go in there: What ſhall I do?

*Enter* Falſtaff.

*Fal*. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, o let me ſee't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your Friend's counſel; I'll in.

Mrs. *Page*. What, Sir *John Falſtaff*, are theſe your Letters, Knight?

*Fal*. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never. . . (*He gets into the basket, they cover him with foul linnen.*

Mrs. *Page*. Help to cover your Maſter, Boy: Call your Men, Miſtreſs *Ford*. You diſſembling Knight!

Mrs. *Ford*. What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up theſe cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowlſtaff? Look how you drumble: Carry them to the Landreſs in *Datchet*-Mead; quickly, come.

*Enter* Ford, Page, Caius *and* Evans.

*Ford*. Pray you come near; if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt, I deſerve it. How now? whither bear your this?

*Serv*. To the Landreſs, forſooth.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

*Ford*. Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelf of the buck: Buck, Buck, Buck, ay Buck: I warrant you Buck, and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear.

(*Exeunt Servants with the Basket.*

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night, I'll tell you my dream.

dream; Here, here, here be my Keys; aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the Fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt: So, now uncape.

*Page.* Good Maſter *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your ſelf too much.

*Ford.* True, Maſter *Page.* Up Gentlemen, you ſhall ſee ſport anon; follow me, Gentlemen.

*Eva.* This is ferry fantaſtical humours and jealouſies.

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis no the faſhion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*... ( *Exeunt.*

*Page.* Nay, follow him, Gentlemen, ſee the iſſue of his ſearch.

*Manent Miſtreſs* Page *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

Mrs. *Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. *Ford.* I know not which pleaſes me better, that my Husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John.*

Mrs. *Page.* What a taking was he in when your Husband ask'd who was in the Basket?

Mrs. *Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him, diſhoneſt Raſcal; I would all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs. *Ford.* I think my Husband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of *Falſtaff*'s being here! I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſie 'till now.

Mrs. *Page.* I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falſtaff*: His diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this Medicine.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we ſend that fooliſh Carrion, Miſtreſs *Quickly*, to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mrs. *Page*. We'll do it: let him be ſent for to morrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

*Re enter* Ford, Page, *&c.*

*Ford*. I cannot find him; may be the Knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs. *Page*. Heard you that?

Mrs. *Ford*. You uſe me well, Maſter *Ford*, do you?

*Ford*. Ay, ay, I do ſo.

Mrs. *Page*. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts.

*Ford*. Amen.

Mrs. *Page*. You do your ſelf mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford*.

*Ford*. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

*Eva*. If there be any pody in the houſe and in the Chambers, and in the Coffers, and in the preſſes, Heav'n forgive my ſins.

*Caius*. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

*Page*. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford* are you not aſham'd? What Spirit, what Devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha your diſtemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windſor-Caſtle*.

*Ford*. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page*: I ſuffer for it.

*Eva*. You ſuffer for a pad Conſcience; your Wife is as honeſt omans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

*Caius*. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt Woman.

*Ford*. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come Wife, come Miſtreſs *Page*, I pray you pardon me: pray heartily pardon me.

*Page*. Let's go in, Gentlemen; but truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow-morning to my houſe to Breakfaſt: after we'll a birding together; I have a fine Hawk for the Buſh. Shall it be ſo?

*Ford*.

*Ford.* Any thing.

*Eva.* If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

*Caius.* If there be one or two, I ſhall make a the turd.

*Ford.* Pray you go, Mr. *Page.*

*Eva.* I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lowſie Knave, mine Hoſt.

*Caius.* Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

*Eva.* A lowſie Knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. (*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* Fenton *and Miſtreſs* Anne Page.

FENTON.

I ſee I cannot get thy Father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, ſweet *Nan.*

*Anne.* Alas! how then?

*Fent.* Why, thou muſt be thy ſelf.
He doth object I am too great of birth,
And that my State being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

*Anne.* May be he tells you true.

*Fent.* No, Heav'n ſo ſpeed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confeſs, thy Father's Wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne:*
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in Gold, or ſums in ſealed bags:
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelf
That now I aim at.

*Anne.* Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeek my Father's Love, ſtill ſeek it, Sir:
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit
Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.

*Enter* Shallow, Slender *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

*Shal.* Break their talk, Miſtreſs *Quickly*;
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

*Slen.* I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't: 'D'slid 'tis but venturing.

*Shal.* Be not diſmaid.

*Slen.* No ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that, but I am affeard.

*Quic.* Hark ye; Mr. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you.

*Anne.* I come to him. This is my Father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handſome in three hundred Pounds a year!

*Quic.* And how does good Maſter *Fenton*!
Pray you a word with you.

*Shal.* She's coming; to her Coz.
O Boy, thou hadſt a Father!

*Slen.* I had a Father, Mrs. *Anne*; my Uncle can tell you good jeſts of him. Pray you, Uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the jeſt, how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a pen; good Uncle.

*Shal.* Miſters *Anne*, my Conſin loves you.

*Slen.* Ay, that I do, as well as I love any Woman in *Glocester-ſhire*.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

*Slen.* Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fifty Pounds Jointure.

*Anne.* Good Maſter *Shallow*, let him woo for himſelf.

*Shal.* Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that: Good

Good comfort; ſhe calls you Coz: I'll leave you.

*Anne.* Now Maſter *Slender.*

*Slen.* Now good Miſtreſs *Anne.*

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slen.* My will; Od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jeſt indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank Heav'n; I am not ſuch a ſickly Creature, I give Heav'n praiſe.

*Anne.* I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

*Slen.* Truly for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your Father and my Uncle have made motions; if it be my luck ſo, if not, happy Man be his dole; they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may ask your Father; here he comes.

*Enter* Page *and Miſtreſs* Page.

*Anne.*

*Page.* Now, Maſter *Slender*: Love him, Daughter Why how now? What does Maſter *Fenton* here? You wrong me, Sir, thus ſtill to haut my Houſe: I tell you, Sir, my Daughter is diſpos'd of.

*Fent.* Nay, Maſter *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. *Page.* Good Maſter *Fenton*, come not to my (Child.

*Page.* She is no Match for you.

*Fent.* Sir will you hear me?

*Page.* No, good Maſter *Fenton.*

Come, Maſter *Shallow*: come, Son *Slender*, in. Knowing my mind you wrong me, Maſter *Fenton.*

(*Exeunt* Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

*Quic.* Speak to Miſtreſs *Page.*

*Fent.* Good Miſtreſs *Page*, for that I love your (Daughter

In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my Love,

And not retire. Let me have your good-will.

*Anne.* Good Mother, do not marry me to yon Fool.

Mrs. *Page.* I mean it not, I ſeek you a better Husband.

*Quic.* That's my Maſter, Maſter Doctor.

*Anne.* Alas I had rather be ſet quick i'th' earth, and bowl'd to death with turneps. (*Fenton*;

Mrs. *Page.* Come, trouble not your ſelf, good Maſter
I will not be your Friend nor Ennemy:
My Daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected.
'Till then, farewel Sir; ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her Father will be angry. (*Ex. Mrs.* Page *and* Anne.

*Fent.* Farewel, gentle Miſtreſs; farewel *Nan.*

*Quic.* This is my doing now. Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your Child on a Fool, and a Phyſician? Look on Maſter *Fenton*: This is my doing.

*Fent.* I thank thee; and I pray thee once to-night, Give my ſweet *Nan* this Ring: There's for thy pains. (*Exit.*

*Quic.* Now Heav'n ſend thee good Fortune. A kind heart he hath, a Woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my Maſter had Miſtreſs *Anne*; or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in ſooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly for Mr. *Fenton.* Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *John Falſtaff* from my two Miſtreſſes; what a Beaſt am I to ſlack it? (*Exit.*

SCE.

## SCENE V.

*Enter* Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

FALSTAFF.

BArdolph, I ſay.

*Bard.* Here, Sir.

*Fal.* Go fetch me a quart of Sack, put a toſt in't. Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket like a barrow of Butchers offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*! Well, if I be ſerv'd ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a Dog for a New-years Gift. The Rogues ſlighted me into the River, with as little remorſe as they would have drown'd a blind Bitches Puppies, fifteen i'th' litter; and you may know, by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: If the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor, for the water ſwells a Man: And what a thing ſhould I have been when I had been ſwell'd? I ſhould have been a mountain of Mummy.

*Bard.* Here's Miſtreſs *Quickly*, Sir, to ſpeak with you.

*Fal.* Come, let me pour in ſome Sack to the *Thames* water; for my belly's as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnowballs for Pills to cool the Reins. Call her in.

*Bard* Come in, Woman.

*Enter Miſtreſs* Quickly.

*Quic.* By your leave: I cry you mercy.
Give your Worſhip good-morrow.

*Fal.* Take away theſe challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sack finely.

*Bard.* With eggs, Sir?

*Fal.* Simple of it ſelf: I'll no Pullet-ſperm in my brevage. How now?

*Quic.* Marry, Sir, I come to your Worſhip from Miſtreſs *Ford.*

*Fal.* Miſtreſs *Ford?* I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly-full of ford.

*Quic.* Alas the day! Good heart, that was not her fault: She does ſo take on with her Men; they miſtook their erection.

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build on a fooliſh Woman's promiſe.

*Quic.* Well, ſhe laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it. Her Husband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine. I muſt carry her word quickly, ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

*Fal.* Well, I will viſit her; tell her ſo, and bid her think what a Man is: Let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

*Quic.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

*Quic.* Eight and nine, Sir.

*Fal.* Well. be gone; I will not miſs her.

*Quic.* Peace be with you, Sir. (*Exit.*

*Fal.* I marvel I hear not of Maſter *Broom*; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his mony well. Oh, here he comes.

*Enter* Ford.

*Ford.* Bleſs you, Sir.

*Fal.* Now, Maſter *Broom*, you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and *Ford*'s Wife?

*Ford.* That indeed, Sir *John*, is my buſineſs.

*Fal.* Maſter *Broom*, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

*Ford.* And you ſped, Sir?

*Fal.*

*Fal.* Very ill favour'dly, Maſter *Broom*.

*Ford.* How Sir, did ſhe change her determination?

*Fal.* No, Mr. *Broom*; but the peaking Cornuto her Husband, Mr. *Broom*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealouſie, comes in the inſtant of our Encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiſs'd, proteſted, & as it were ſpoke the Prologue of our Comedy, and at his heels a rabble of his Companions, thither provok'd and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his houſe for his Wife's Love.

*Ford.* What, while you were there?

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

*Fal.* You ſhall hear. As good Luck would have it, comes in one Miſtreſs *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach, and in her invention, and *Ford*'s Wife's diſtraction, they convey'd me into a Buck-basket.

*Ford.* A Buck-basket?

*Fal.* Yea, a Buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foul ſtockings, and greaſie napkins, that, Maſter *Broom*, there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell that ever offended noſtril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there?

*Fal.* Nay, you ſhall hear, Maſter *Broom*, what I have ſuffer'd, to bring this Woman to evil, for your good. Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Ford*'s Knaves, his Hinds, were call'd forth by their Miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their ſhoulders, met the jealous Knave their Maſter in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket; I quak'd for fear, leaſt the Lunatick Knave would have ſearch'd it; but Fate, ordaining he ſhould be a Cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the ſequel, Maſter *Broom*; I ſuffered the pangs of three ſevetal Deaths: Firſt, an intolerable fright, to

be

be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather; nere to be compaſs'd, like a good Bilbo, in the circumference of a Peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be ſtopt in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths, that fretted in their own greaſe: Think of that, a Man of my kidney; think of that, that am as ſubject to heat as butter; a Man of continual diſſolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a *Dutch* diſh, to be throw into the *Thames*, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that ſerge, like a Horſe-ſhoe; think of that; hiſſing hot, think of that, Maſter *Broom*.

*Ford.* In good ſadneſs, Sir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit is then deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

*Fal.* Maſter *Broom*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, e'er I will leave her thus. Her Husband is this morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another Ambaſſie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the Hour, Maſter *Broom*.

*Ford.* 'Tis paſt eight already, Sir.

*Fal.* Is it? I will then addreſs me to my Appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crown'd with your enjoying her. Adieu, you ſhall have her, Maſter *Broom*, Maſter *Broom*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford*. (*Exit.*

*Ford.* Hum! Ha! Is this a viſion? Is this a dream? Do I ſleep? Maſter *Ford*, awake, awake Maſter *Ford*; there's a hole made in your beſt coat, Maſter *Ford*: This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have Linnen and Buck baskets! Well, I will proclaim my ſelf what I am; I will now take the Leacher; he is at my Houſe; he cannot 'ſcape me; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould; he cannot creep into a half-penny purſe, nor into a Pepper box. But leſt the Devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places; tho' what I am I cannot

cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not ſhall not make me tame. If I have horns, to make one mad, let the Proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. (*Exit.*

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# ACT. IV.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

FALSTAFF.

MIſtreſs *Ford*, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your Love, and I profeſs requital to a hairs breadth, not only, Miſtreſs *Ford*, in the ſimple office of Love, but in all the accouſtrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your Husband now?

Mrs. *Ford*. He's a birding, ſweet Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Page*. (*within*.) What hoa, Goſſip *Ford*: what hoa!

Mrs *Ford*. Step into th'Chamber, Sir *John*.

(*Ex.* Falſtaff.

*Enter Miſtreſs* Page.

Mrs. *Page*. How now, ſweet Heart, who's at home beſides your ſelf?

Mrs. *Ford*. Why none but mine own People.

Mrs. *Page*. Indeed?

Mrs. *Ford*. No certainly... Speak louder.

Mrs. *Page*. Truly, I am ſo glad you have no body here.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why?

Mrs. *Page.* Why Woman, your Husband is in his old lines again; he ſo takes on yonder with my Husband, ſo rails againſt all married Mankind, ſo curſes all *Eve*'s Daughters, of what complexion ſoever, and ſo buffets himſelf on the fore-head, crying peer-out peer-out, that any madneſs I ever yet beheld ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility and patience to this his diſtemper he is in now. I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why does he talk of him?

Mrs. *Page.* Of none but him, and ſwears he was carry'd out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a basket; proteſts to my Husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the reſt of their Company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion: but I am glad the Knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Mrs. *Ford.* How near is he, Miſtreſs *Page*?

Mrs. *Page.* Hard by, at ſtreets end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. *Ford.* I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. *Page.* Why then you are utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead Man. What a Woman are you? Away with him, away with him, better ſhame than Murther.

Mrs. *Ford.* Which way ſhould he go? How ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the Basket again?

*Enter* Falſtaff.

*Fal.* No, I'll no more i'th basket:
May I not go out e'er he come?

Mrs. *Page.* Alas, three of Maſter's *Fords* Brothers watch the door with Piſtols, that none ſhould iſſue out, otherwiſe you might ſlip away e're he came: But what make you here?

*Fal.* What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* There they always uſe to diſcharge their Birding-pieces; creep into the Kill-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* He will ſeek there, on my word: Neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the rembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note; there is no hiding you in the Houſe.

*Fal.* I'll go out then.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, Sir *John*, unleſs you go out diſguis'd. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. *Page* Alaſs-the-day; I know not, there is no Woman's Gown big enough for him, otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kercheif, and ſo eſcape.

*Fal.* Good Hearts, deviſe ſomething; any extremity, rather than miſchief.

Mrs. *Ford.* My Maid's Aunt; the fat Woman of *Brainford*, has a Gown above.

Mrs. *Page.* On my word it will ſerve him, ſhe's as big as he is; and there's her thrumb Hat, and her Muffler too. Run up, Sir *John.*

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, go, ſweet Sir *John*; Miſtreſs *Page* and I will look ſome linnen for your head.

Mrs. *Page.* Quick, quick, we'll come dreſs you ſtraight; put on the Gown the while. (*Exit* Falſtaff.

Mrs. *Ford.* I would my Husband would meet him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old Woman of *Brainford*; he ſwears ſhe's a Witch, forbad her my Houſe, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. *Page.* Heav'n guide him to thy Husband's cudgel, and the Devil guide his cudgel afterwards.

Mrs. *Ford.* But is my Husband coming?

Mrs. *Page.* Ay in good ſadneſs is he, and talks of the Basket too, howſoever he had intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my Men

to

to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the Witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. *Ford*. I'll first direct my Men, what they shall do with the basket; go up, I'll bring linnen for him straight.

Mrs. *Page*. Hang him, dishonest Varlet, We cannot misuse him enough.
We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.
We do not act, that often jest and laugh:
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Mrs. *Ford*. Go Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your Master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: Quickly, dispatch.

*Enter Servants with the Basket.*

1 *Serv*. Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv*. Pray Heav'n it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv*. I hope not. I had as lief bear so much lead.

*Enter* Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius *and* Evans.

*Ford*. Ay, if it prove true, Master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the Basket, Villains; somebody call my Wife: Youth in a Basket. Oh you panderly Rascals, there's a Knot, a Gang, a Pack, a conspiracy against me; now shall the Devil be sham'd. What, Wife I say, come, come forth, behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

*Page*. Why, this passes Mr. *Ford*; you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

*Eva*. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad Dog.

*Shal*. Indeed, Mr. *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

*Ford*.

*Ford.* So ſay I too, Sir. Come hither Miſtreſs *Ford*, Miſtreſs *Ford*, the honeſt Woman, the modeſt Wife, the virtuous Creature, that hath the jealous fool to her Husband: I ſuſpect without cauſe, Miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n be my witneſs you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

*Ford.* Well ſaid, Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*

*Page.* This paſſes.

Mrs. *Ford.* Are you not aſham'd! let the cloaths alone.

*Ford.* I ſhall find you anon.

*Eva.* 'Tis unreaſonable; will you take up your Wife's cloaths? Come away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why Man, why?

*Ford.* Maſter *Page*, as I am a Man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this Basket; why may not he be there again? In my houſe I am ſure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealouſie is reaſonable, pluck me out all the Linnen.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you find a Man there, he ſhall die a Flea's death.

*Page.* Here's no Man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity this is not not well, Mr. *Ford*; this wrongs you.

*Eva.* Mr. *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealouſies.

*Ford.* Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

*Page.* No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

*Ford.* Help to ſearch my houſe this one time; if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your Table-ſport; let them ſay of me, As jealous as *Ford*, that ſearched a hollow wall-nut for his Wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more; once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. *Ford.* What hoa, Miſtreſs *Page*! come you

and the old Woman down; my Husband will come into the Chamber.

*Ford.* Old Woman! What old Woman's that?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, it is my Maid's Aunt of *Brainford.*

*Ford.* A Witch, a Quean, an old cozening Quean; have I not forbid her my houſe? She comes of errands, does ſhe? We are ſimple Men, we do not know what's brought to paſs under the Profeſſion of Fortune-telling. She works by Charms, by Spells, by th' Figure, and ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you Witch, you Hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, good ſweet Husband; good Gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old Woman.

*Enter* Falſtaff *in Womens cloaths.*

Mrs. *Page.* Come Mother *Prat*, come, give me your hand.

*Ford.* I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door you Witch, (*Beats him.*) you Hag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll Fortune-tell you. (*Exit* Fal.

Mrs. *Page.* Are you not aſham'd?
I think you have kill'd the poor Woman.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

*Ford.* Hang her, Witch.

*Eva.* By yea, and no, I think the Oman is a Witch indeed: I like not when a Oman has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under his Muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow, Gentlemen? I beſeech you follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſie; if I cry out thus upon no trial, never truſt me when I open again.

*Page.* Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, Gentlemen. (*Exeunt.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page.* Truſt me he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, by th' Maſs that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. *Ford.* What think you? May we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. *Page.* The ſpirit of wantonneſs is ſure ſcar'd out of him; if the Devil have him not in Fee-ſimple, with Fine and Recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we tell our Husbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. *Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your Husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the Miniſters.

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll warrant they'll have him publickly ſham'd; and methinks there would be no period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

Mrs. *Page,* Come to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not have things cool. (*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Hoſt *and* Bardolph.

BARDOLPH.

SIr, the German deſires to have three of your horſes; the Duke himſelf will be to-morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

*Hoſt.* What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly?

I hear not of him in the Court: Let me ſpeak with the Gentlemen, they ſpeak *Engliſh*?

*Bard.* Sir, I'll call them to you.

*Hoſt.* They ſhall have my horſes, but I'll make them pay, I'll ſawce them. They have had my Houſe a week at command; I have turn'd away my other Gueſts; they muſt come off, I'll ſawce them, come.

*(Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter* Page, Ford, *Miſtreſs* Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford, *and* Evans.

EVANS.

'TIs one of the beſt diſcretions of a Oman as ever I did look upon.

*Page.* And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

Mrs. *Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

*Ford.* Pardon me, Wife. Henceforth do what thou (wilt;
I rather will ſuſpect the Sun with cold, (ſtand,
Than thee with wantonneſs; now doth thy Honour
In him that was of late an Heretick,
As firm of Faith.

*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not extream in ſubmiſſion, as in offence,
But let our Plot go forward: Let our Wives
Yet once again, to make us publick ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat Fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

*Page.* How? to ſend him word they'l meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

*Eva.* You ſay he hath been thrown into the River, and

and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old Oman; methinks there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

*Page.* So think I too. (comes,

Mrs. *Ford.* Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

Mrs. *Page.* There is an old Tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter, ſometime a Keeper in *Windſor* Foreſt, doth all the Winter time, at ſtill of midnight walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns. And there he blaſts the Tree, and takes the Cattle, and makes Milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a Chain in a moſt hideous and dreadful manner. You have heard of ſuch a Spirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our Age
This Tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a Truth.

*Page.* Why yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne*'s Oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry this is our device,
That *Falſtaff* at that Oak ſhall meet with us.

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.
And in this ſhape when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? What is your Plot?

Mrs *Page.* That like wiſe we have thought upon, and *Nan Page*, my Daughter, and my little Son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like Urchins, Ouphes and Fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a ſudden,
As *Falſtaff*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a Saw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed Song: Upon their ſight
We two, in great amazedneſs, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,

And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
And ask him why, that hour of Fairy Revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane?

Mrs. *Ford.* And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him ſound,
And burn him with their Tapers.

Mrs. *Page.* The truth being known,
We'll all preſent our ſelves; dis-horn the Spirit,
And mock him home to *Windſor.*

*Ford.* The Children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

*Eva.* I will teach the Children their behaviours; and I will be like a Jack-a-napes alſo, to burn the Knight with my Taber.

*Ford.* That will be excellent,
I'll go buy them Vizards.

Mrs. *Page.* My *Nan* ſhall be the Queen of all the Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

*Page.* That Silk will I go buy; and in that time
Shall Mr. *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton.* Go, ſend to *Falſtaff* ſtraight.

*Ford.* Nay, I'll to him again in name of *Broom;*
He'll tell me all his purpoſe. Sure he'll come.

Mrs. *Page.* Fear not you that, go get us properties
And tricking for your Fairies.

*Eva.* Let us about it,
It is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaveries.
(*Exeunt* Page, Ford *and* Evans.

Mrs. *Page.* Go, Mrs. *Ford,*
Send quickly to Sir *John,* to know his mind.
(*Ex. Mrs.* Ford.

I'll to the Doctor, he hath my good-will,
And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page.*
That *Slender,* tho' well landed, is an Ideot;
And he my Husband beſt of all affects.
The Doctor is well mony'd, and his Friends

Po-

Potent at Court; he, none but he ſhall have her,
Tho' twenty thouſand worthier came to crave her.
(*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* Hoſt *and* Simple.

HOST.

WHat wouldſt thou have, Boor? what, Thick-skin? ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

*Simp.* Marry, Sir, I come to ſpeak with Sir *John Falſtaff*, from Mr. *Slender.*

*Hoſt.* There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle, his ſtanding bed and truckle bed; 'tis painted about with the Story of the Prodigal, freſh and new; go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: Knock, I ſay.

*Simp.* There's an old Woman, a fat Woman gone up into his Chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, Sir, 'till ſhe come down; I come to ſpeak with her indeed.

*Hoſt.* Ha! a fat Woman? The Knight may be robb'd, I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John!* ſpeak from thy lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine *Epheſian* calls.

*Enter* Falſtaff.

*Fal.* How now, mine Hoſt?

*Hoſt.* Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat Woman: Let her deſcend, Bully, let her deſcend; my Chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy! Fie.

*Fal.* There was, mine Hoſt, an old fat Woman even now with me, but ſhe's gone.

*Simp.* Pray you, Sir, was't not the wiſe Woman of *Brainford*?

*Fal.* Ay marry was it, Muſſel-ſhell, what would you with her?

*Simp.* My Maſter, Sir, my Maſter *Slender* ſent to her, ſeeing her go thro' the ſtreets, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no?

*Fal.* I ſpake with the old Woman about it.

*Simp.* And what ſays ſhe, I pray Sir?

*Fal.* Marry ſhe ſays, that the very ſame Man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

*Simp.* I would I could have ſpoken with the Woman her ſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

*Fal.* What are they? Let us know.

*Hoſt.* Ay, come; quick.

*Simp.* I may not conceal them, Sir.

*Hoſt.* Conceal them, or thou dy'ſt.

*Simp.* Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Miſtreſs *Anne Page*; to know if it were my Maſter's Fortune to have her or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis 'tis his Fortune.

*Simp.* What, Sir?

*Fal.* To have her, or no: Go; ſay the Woman told me ſo.

*Simp.* May I be bold to ſay ſo, Sir?

*Fal.* Ay Sir; like who more bold.

*Simp.* I thank your Worſhip: I ſhall make my Maſter glad with theſe tidings. (*Exit* Simple.

*Hoſt.* Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: Was there a wiſe Woman with thee?

*Fal.* Ay, that there was, mine *Hoſt*, one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life;

life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

*Enter* Bardolph.

*Bard.* Out alas, Sir, Cozenage; meer Cozenage.

*Hoſt.* Where be my Horſes? Speak well of them, Varletto.

*Bard.* Run away with the Cozeners; for ſo ſoon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a ſlough of mire; and ſet ſpurs, and away, like three *German* Devils, three Doctor *Fauſtuſſes.*

*Hoſt.* They are gone but to meet the Duke, Villain, do not ſay they be fled; *Germans* are honeſt Men.

*Enter* Evans.

*Eva.* Where is mine *Hoſt*?

*Hoſt.* What is the matter, Sir?

*Eva.* Have a care of your entertainments; there is a Friend of mine come to Town, tells me there is three Cozen-Jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hoſts* of *Reading*, of *Maiden-Head*, of *Cole-Brook*, of Horſes and Mony. I tell you for good will, look you, you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtocks, and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozened; fare you well. (*Exit.*

*Enter* Caius.

*Caius.* Ver'is mine *Hoſt de Jarteer*?

*Hoſt.* Here, Maſter Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful delemma.

*Caius.* I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me,

dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jarmany*; by my trot, der is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu.

(*Exit.*

*Hoſt.* Hue and Cry, Villain, go; aſſiſt me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, Hue and cry, Villain. I am undone. (*Exit.*

*Fal.* I would all the World might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation has been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor Fiſhermens boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as creſt-faln as a dry'd Pear. I never proſper'd ſince I forſwore my ſelf at *Primero*. Well, if my Wind were but long enough, I would repent. Now, whence come you?

*Enter Miſtreſs* Quickly.

*Quic.* From the two Parties, Forſooth.

*Fal* The Devil take one Party, and his Dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd; I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more than the villainous inconſtancy of Man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

*Quic.* And have not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant, ſpecioufly one of them; Miſtreſs *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

*Fal.* What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten my ſelf into all the colours of the Rain-bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of Wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old Woman deliver'd me, the Knave Conſtable had ſet me i'th' Stocks, i'th' common Stocks for a Witch.

*Quic.*

*Quic.* Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your Chamber, you ſhall hear how things go, and, I warraut, to your content. Here is a Letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good Hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? Sure one of you does not ſerve Heav'n well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

*Fal.* Come up into my Chamber. (*Exeunt.*

## SCENE. V.

*Enter* Fenton *and* Hoſt.

HOST.

MAſter *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

*Fent.* Yet hear me ſpeak; aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a Gentleman, I'll give thee.
A hundred pound in Gold, more than your loſs.

*Hoſt.* I will hear you, Maſter *Fenton*; and I will at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

*Fent.* From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So far forth as her ſelf might be her chuſer)
Even to my wiſh; I have a Letter form her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, ſo larded with my matter,
That neither ſingly can be manifeſted,
Without the ſhew of both. Fat Sir *John Falſtaff*
Hath a great ſcene; the image of the jeſt
I'll ſhew you here at large. Hark good mine Hoſt;
To-night at *Herne*'s Oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the Fairy Queen:
The purpoſe why is here. In which diſguiſe,
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,

Her

Her Father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry; ſhe hath conſented. Now Sir,
Her Mother, even ſtrong againſt that match,
And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are tasking of their minds,
And at the Deanry, where a Prieſt attends,
Straight marry her; to this her Mother's Plot
She, ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the Doctor. Now thus it reſts;
Her Father means ſhe ſhall be all in white,
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him. Her Mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they muſt all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint in green, ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With Ribbands-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The Maid hath given conſent to go with him.

*Hoſt.* Which means ſhe to deceive? Father, or Mother?

*Fent.* Both, my good Hoſt, to go along with me:
And here it reſts, that you'll procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our Hearts united ceremony.

*Hoſt.* Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lack a Prieſt.

*Fent.* So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſide, I'll make a preſent recompenſe. (*Exeunt.*

# ACT V.

## SCENE. I.

*Enter* Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

FALSTAFF.

PRithee no more pratling; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good Luck lyes in odd numbers: away, go, they ſay there is Divinity in odd numbers, either in Nativity, Chance or Death; away.

*Quick.* I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

(*Exit. Mrs.* Quickly.

*Fal.* Away, I ſay, time wears; hold up your head, and mince.

*Enter* Ford.

How now, Mr. *Broom*? Mr. *Broom*, the matter will be known to-night or never. Be you in the Park about mid-night, at *Herne*'s Oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yeſterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

*Fal.* I went to her, Maſter *Broom*, as you ſee, like a poor old Man; but I came from her, Maſter *Broom*, like a poor old Woman. That ſame Knave, *Ford* her Husband, hath the fineſt mad Devil of Jealouſie in him, Maſter *Broom*, that ever govern'd Frenzy. I will

will tell you, he beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a Woman; for in the ſhape of a Man, Maſter *Broom* I fear not *Goliah* with a Weaver's beam, becauſe, I know alſo life is a ſhuttle. I am in haſte, go along with me, I'll tell you all, Maſter *Broom*. Since I pluckt Geeſe, play'd Truant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'l tell you ſtrange things of this Knave *Ford*; on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his Wife into yout hand. Follow, ſtrange things in hand, Maſter *Broom*, follow. (*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

PAGE.

COme, come; we'll couch i'th'Caſtle-ditch, 'till we ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember, Son *Slender*, my Daughter.

*Slen.* Ay Forſooth, I have ſpoke with her and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white and cry Mum, ſhe cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too; but what needs either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtruck ten a-clok.

*Page.* The night is dark, Light and Spirits will become it well; Heav'n proſper our ſport. No Man means evil but the Devil, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. (*Exeunt.*

SCE-

## SCENE III.

*Enter Miſtreſs* Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford *and* Caius.

MISTRESS PAGE.

MR. Doctor, my Daughter is in green; when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and diſpatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two muſt go together.

*Caius.* I know vat I have to do; adieu. (*Exit.*

Mrs. *Page.* Fare you well, Sir. My Husband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my Daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. *Ford.* Where is *Nan* now, and her Troop of Fairies, and the *Welch* Devil *Herne*?

Mrs. *Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne*'s Oak, with obſcur'd lights; which at the very inſtant of *Falſtaff*'s and our meeting they will at once diſplay to the night.

Mrs. *Ford.* That cannot chuſe but amaze him.

Mrs. *Page.* If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd he will be mock'd.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. *Page.* Againſt ſuch Leudſters, and their lechery,
Thoſe that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. *Ford.* The hour draws on; to the Oak, to the Oak. (*Exeunt.*

SCE-

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* Evans *and Fairies.*

EVANS.

TRib, trib, Fairies; come, and remember your parts: Be pold, I pray you, follow me into the Pit, and when I give the watch-ords do as I bid you: Come, come, trib, trib. (*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

FALSTAFF.

THe *Windſor* bell hath ſtruck twelve, the minute draws on; now the hot-blooded God aſſiſt me. Remember, *Jove*, thou waſt a Bull for thy *Europa*; Love ſet on thy horns. Oh powerful Love! That in ſome reſpects makes a Beaſt a Man; in ſome other, a Man a Beaſt. You were alſo, *Jupiter*, a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omniporent Love! How near the God drew to the complexion of a Gooſe; a fault done firſt in the form of a Beaſt, O *Jove*, a beaſtly fault; and then another fault in the ſemblance of a Fowl; think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor Men do? For me I am a *Windſor* Stag, and the fatteſt I think, i'th' Forreſt. Send me a cool Rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? Who comes here? My Doe?

*Enter Miſtreſs* Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John*? Art thou there, my Deer? My male Deer?

*Fal.*

*Fal.* My Doe with the black ſcut? Let the ſky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*, hail kiſſing comfits, and ſnow eringoes, let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page* is come with me, ſweet Heart.

*Fal.* Divide me like a brib'd Buck, each a haunch, I will keep my ſides to my ſelf, my ſhoulders for the Fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your Husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is *Cupid* a Child of Conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true Spirit, welcome. (*Noiſe within.*

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! what noiſe?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n forgive our ſins.

*Fal.* What ſhould this be?

Mrs. *Ford.* Mrs. *Page.* Away, away.

(*The Women run out.*

*Fal.* I think the Devil will not have me damn'd,
Leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet Hell on fire,
He would never elſe croſs me thus.

*Enter Fairies.*

*Quic.* Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You Moon-ſhine Revellers, and Shades of night;
You orphan heirs of fixed Deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the Fairy O yes.

*Piſt.* Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windſor* chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, & hearths unſwept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates ſluts & ſluttery.

*Fal.* They 're Fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die:

I'll wink and couch; no Man their works muſt eye.
(*Lyes down upon his face.*
*Eva.* Where's *Bede*? Go you, & where you find a Maid
That ere ſhe ſleep has thrice her Prayers ſaid,
Raiſe up the organs of her fantaſie,
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy:
But thoſe that ſleep and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides & ſhins
*Quick.* About, about;
Search *Windſor* Caſtle, Elves, within and out;
Strew good luck, Ouphes, on every ſacred room,
That it may ſtand 'till the perpetual Doom,
In ſtate as wholeſom, as in State 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The ſeveral chairs of order look you ſcour,
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r;
Each fair Inſtalment, Coat, and ſev'ral Creſt,
With loyal Blazon evermore be bleſt.
And nightly medow-Fairies, look you ſing
Like to the *Garter* compaſs in a ring,
Th'expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile freſh than all the field to ſee;
And, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe* write
In emrold tuffs, flowers, purple, blue and white,
Like Saphire-pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies uſe flow'rs for their charactery.
Away, diſperſe; but 'till 'tis one a clock
Our dance of cuſtom round about the Oak
Of *Herne* the Hunter let us not forget. (order ſet;
*Eva.* Pray you lock hand in hand, your ſelves in
And twenty Glow-worms ſhall our Lanthorns be
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a Man of middle earth.
*Fal.* Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* Fairy,
Leſt he transform me to a piece of cheeſe.
*Piſt.* Vild worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd even in
thy birth. *Quit.*

*Quic.* With trial-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaſte the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.
*Fiſt.* A Trial, come.
(*They burn him with their Tapers, and pinch him.*
*Eva.* Come, will this wood take fire?
*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh.
*Quic.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire;
About him, Fairies, ſing a ſcornful Rhime,
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

*Fie on ſinful phantaſie: Fie on Luſt and Luxury:*
*Luſt is but a bloody fire, kindled with unchaſte deſire.*
*Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,*
*As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.*
*Pinch him, Fairies, mutually; pinch him for his villany:*
*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,*
*Till candles, and Star-light, and Moon-ſhine be out.*
(*He offers to run out.*

*Enter* Page, Ford *&c. They lay hold on him.*

*Page.* Nay, do not fly, I think I have watcht you now;
Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerve your turn?
Mrs. *Page.* I pray you come, hold up the jeſt no higher.
Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windſor* wives?
See you theſe Husbands; Do not theſe fair Oaks
Become the Foreſt better than the Town?
*Ford.* Now, Sir, who's a Cuckold now?
Mr. *Broom*, *Falſtaff*'s a Knave, a cuckoldy Knave,
Here are his Horns, Maſter *Broom*;

And, Maſter *Broom*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford*'s but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty Pounds of Mony, which muſt be paid to Mr. *Broom*; his Horſes are arreſted for it, Mr. *Broom*.

Mrs. *Ford*. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck: we could never meet. I will never take you for my Love again, but I will always count you my Deer.

*Fal*. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Aſs.

*Ford*. Ay, and an Ox to: Both the proofs are extant.

*Fal*. And theſe are not Fairies:

I was three or four times in the thought they were not Fairies; and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpight of the teeth of all Rhime and Reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now how Wit may be made a Jack a-lent, when 'tis upon ill imployment.

*Eva*. Sir *John Falſtaff*, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and Fairies will not pinſe you.

*Ford*. Well ſaid, Fairy *Hugh*.

*Eva*. And leave you your jealouzies too, I pray you.

*Ford*. I will never miſtruſt my Wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *Engliſh*.

*Fal*. Have I laid my brain in the Sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er reaching as this? Am I ridden with a *Welch* Goat too? Shall I have a Coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

*Eva*. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

*Fal*. Seeſe and putter? Have I liv'd to ſtand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of *Engliſh*? This is enough to be the decay of Luſt and late-walking through the Realm.

Mrs. *Page*. Why Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thruſt Virtue out of our hearts by the head

head and ſhoulders, and have given our ſelves without ſcruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a hodge pudding? A bag of flax?

Mrs. *Page.* A puft Man?

*Page.* Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

*Ford.* And one that is ſlandrous as Satan?

*Page.* And as poor as *Job*?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his Wife?

*Eva.* And given to Fornications, and to Taverns, and Sack, and Wine, and Metheglin, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtaring? Pribbles and prabbles?

*Fal.* Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the *Welch* flannel. Ignorance it ſelf is a Plummet o'er me, uſe me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry Sir, we'll bring you to *Windſor* to one Mr. *Broom*, that you have cozen'd of Mony, to whom you ſhould have been a Pander: Over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that Mony will be a biting affliction.

*Page.* Yet be cheerful, Knight, thou ſhalt eat a Poſſet to-night at my houſe, where I will deſire thee to laugh at my Wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her Daughter.

Mrs. *Page.* Doctors doubt that:
If *Anne Page* be my Daughter, ſhe is by this, Doctor *Caius*'s Wife.

*Enter* Slender.

*Slen.* What hoe! Hoe! Father *Page*!

*Page.* Son? How now? How now Son,
Have you diſpatch'd?

*Slen.* Diſpatch'd? I'll make the beſt in *Glouceſter Shire* know on't; would I were hang'd-la, elſe.

*Page.* Of what, Son?

*Slen.* I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Miſtreſs *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not been i'th' Church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a Poſt-maſter's Boy.

*Page.* Upon my Life then you took the wrong.

*Slen.* What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a Boy for a Girl: If I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in Womans apparel, I would not have had him.

*Page.* Why, this is your own folly.
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my Daughter by her garments?

*Slen.* I went to her in green and cry'd Mum, and ſhe cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſter's Boy.

Mrs. *Page.* Good *George* be not angry; I knew of your purpoſe, turn'd my Daughter into white, and indeed ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there marry'd.

*Enter* Caius.

*Caius.* Ver is Miſtreſs *Page*; by gar I am cozon'd, I ha'marry'd one Garſoon, a Boe; oon Peſant, by gar. A Boy, it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozon'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Why? Did you take her in white?

*Caius.* Ay be gar; and 'tis a Boy; be gar, I'll raiſe all *Windſor*.

*Ford.* This is ſtrange; who hath got the right *Anne*?

*Page.* My Heart miſgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton*.
How now Mr. *Fenton*?

*Anne.* Pardon, good Father; good my Mother, Pardon.

*Page.*

*Page.* Now Miſtreſs,
How chance you went not with Mr. *Slender* ?
Mrs. *Page.* Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, Maid ?
*Fent.* You do amaze her. Hear the truth of it.
You would have marry'd her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, ſhe and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolve us.
Th' offence is holy that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours
Which forced Marriage would have brought upon her.
*Ford.* Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy,
In Love, the Heav'ns themſelves do guide the State;
Mony buys lands, and Wives are ſold by Fate.
*Fal.* I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.
*Page.* Well, what remedy ? *Fenton*, Heav'n give thee joy; what cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.
*Fal.* When Night-dogs run, all ſorts of Deer are chac'd.
Mrs. *Page.* Well, I will muſe no further: Mr. *Fenton*, Heav'n give you many, many merry days.
Good Husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire,
Sir *John* and all.
*Ford.* Let it be ſo, Sir *John*:
To Maſter *Broom* you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to-night, ſhall lye with Miſtreſs *Ford*.
(*Exeunt*.

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